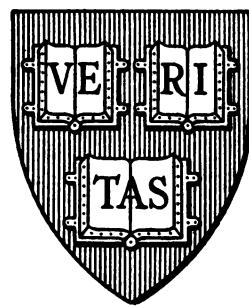




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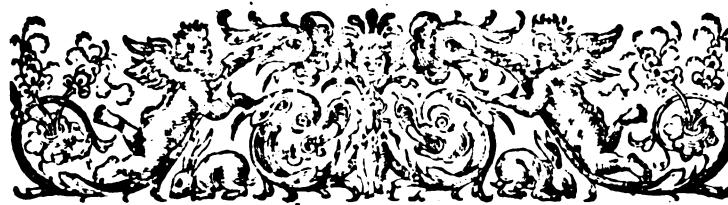
(Bridgeman - Hunt.)



HARVARD  
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5.1

# SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

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AT LONDON  
By G. Eld for T. T. and are  
to be sold by William Apley.  
1609.

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17-400.5



Wollenweber gift  
(Counting Room Library)

39-88  
33

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER.OF.  
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.  
M. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.  
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.  
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER.LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.  
ADVENTVRER.IN.  
SETTING.  
FORTH.

T. T.

nc/



## SHAKESPEARES, SONNETS.

**F**rom fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die;  
But as the riper shoulde by time decease,  
His tender heire might beare his memory:  
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substanciall fewell,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweete selfe too cruell:  
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,  
And tender chorle makst waft in niggarding:  
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2

**V**Vhen sortie Winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,  
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,  
Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held:  
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;  
To say within thine owne deepe funken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thristlesse praise.  
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,  
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse  
Prooking his beautie by succession thine.

B

This

SHAKESPEARES

This were to be new made when thou art culd,  
And see thy blood warme when thou feel it could,

3  
**L**ooke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,  
Now is the time that face should forme an other,  
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,  
Thou ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> oft beguile the world, vnblesse some other.  
For where is she so faire whose ~~vn~~-card wombe  
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,  
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee  
Calls backe the louely Apyll of her prime,  
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,  
Disight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.  
But if thou liue remembred not to be,  
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

4  
**V**Nthrifte louelinesse why dost thou spend,  
Upon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?  
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,  
And being franck she lends to those are free:  
Then beautious nigard why doost thou abuse,  
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?  
Profites vserer why doest thou vse?  
So great a summe of summes yet canst not liue?  
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,  
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable ~~audit~~ canst thou leaue?  
Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which vsed liues th'executor to be.

5  
**T**Hose howers that with gentle worke did frame,  
The louely gaze where every eye doth dwell  
Will play the tirants to the very same,  
And

## SONNETS.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:  
For neuer resting time leads Summer on,  
To hidious winter and confounds him there,  
Sap chek't with frost and lustie leau's quite goa.  
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes every where,  
Then were not summers distillation left  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,  
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.

But flowers distil'd though they with winter meece,  
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

6

**T**hen let not winters wragged hand deface,  
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:  
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,  
With beautis treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:  
That vse is not forbidden vsery,  
Which happies those that pay the willing lone,  
That's for thy selfe to breed an oþer thee,  
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,  
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refugur'd thee,  
Then what could death doe if thou shoald'ft depart,  
Leaving thee liuing in posterity?  
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,  
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

**L**oe in the Orient when the gracious light,  
Lists vp his burning head, each vnder eye  
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,  
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,  
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:  
But when from high-most pitch with wery car,

B a

Likē

SHAKESPEARES

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes (fere dutious) now conuerted are  
From his low tract and looke an other way:

So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:  
Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8.

**M**Y sick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,  
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:  
Why lou'st thou that which thou receauft not gladly,  
Or else receauft with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,  
By vniions married do offend thine eare,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st bear.  
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,  
Strikes each in each by muxall ordering;  
Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee thou single wile proue none.

9.

**I**S it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,  
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?  
Ah; if thou issulesse shalt hap to die,  
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,  
The woeld wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,  
That thou no forme of thee haft left behind,  
When every priuat widdow well may keepe,  
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in mindes  
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world inioyes it  
But beauties waues hath in the world an end,  
And kept vnvsde the vser so destroyes it:  
No loue toward others in that bosome sits  
That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.

I.Q.

SONNETS.

10

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any  
Who for thy selfe art so vnaprouidene.  
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,  
But that thou none lou'st is most euident:  
For thou art so possest with murdrous hate,  
That aginst thy selfe thou stickest set to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roose to suide:  
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:  
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,  
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?  
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,  
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,  
Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,  
That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalte wan, so fast thou grow'ft,  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,  
And that fresh blood which yongly thou beftow'ft,  
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,  
Herein liues wiſdone, beauty, and increase,  
Without this follie, age, and could decay,  
If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
And threescore yeare would make the world away:  
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, feature leſſe, and rude, barrenly perriſh,  
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gave the more;  
Which bountious giuſt thou ſhouldſt in bounti cheriſh,  
She caru'd thee for her ſeale, and ment therby,  
Thou ſhouldſt print more, nor let that coppy die.

12

VVhen I doe count the clocke that tellſ the time,  
And ſee the braue day ſunk in hidious night,  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And ſable curlis or ſiluer'd ore with white:  
When loſty trees I ſee barren of leauers,  
Whiſt erſt from heat did canopic the herd

B 3

And

SHAKESPEARE

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues  
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:  
Then of thy beauty do I question make  
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,  
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow,  
And nothing against Times siech can make defence  
Sauc breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

13

Q That you were your selfe, but loue you are  
No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,  
Against this cumming end you shoulde preparte,  
And your sweete lembiance to some other giue.  
So shoulde that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination, then you were  
You selfe again after your selfes decease,  
When your sweete issue your sweete forme shoulde beare,  
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour miglit vphold,  
Against the stormy gusts of winters day  
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?  
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,  
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

14

N Ot fro n the stars do I my judgement plucke,  
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,  
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,  
Of plagues, of deaths, or seasons quallity,  
Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;  
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,  
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel  
By oft predict that I in heauen finde,  
But from thine eies my knowledge I derive,  
And constant stars in them I read such art  
As truth and beautie shal together thrlue  
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldest conuert:

Or

S O N N E T S . 2

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

W Hen I consider every thing that growes  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shewes  
Whereop the Stars in secret influence comment,  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheareed and chektes evyn by the selfe same skie,  
Vaunt in their youghfull top, at height decrease,  
And were their braue state out of memory,  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,  
Sets you most rich in yough before my sight,  
Where wastfull time debateith with decay  
To change your day of yough to sullied nights.  
And all in war with Time for loue of you  
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

B Ut wherefore do not you a mightier waie  
Make warre vpon this bloudie tirant timet,  
And fortifie your selfe in your decay  
With meanes more blessed then my barren time,  
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,  
And many maidens gardenes yet vnsift,  
With vertuous wish would bear your lissing flowers,  
Much liker then your painted counterfeits  
So shold the lines of life that life repaire  
Which this (Times pensel or gay pupill pen)  
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire  
Can make you liue your selfe in cies of men,  
To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,  
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweete skill.

17

V V Ho will beleue my verie in time to come  
If it were full with your most high desir'd  
B 4 Thought.

## SHAKESPEARE

Though yet heaven knowes it is but as a tombe  
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say this Poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches were touche earthly faces.  
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)  
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,  
And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage,  
And stretched miter of an Antique song.

But were some childe of yours alive that time,  
You should liue twise in it, and in my time.

18.

**S**Hall I compare thee to a Summers day?  
Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,  
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,

So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19.

**D**euouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,  
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,  
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,  
And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,  
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:  
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,

## SONNETS.

O come not with thy howers my loues faire brow,  
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.  
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,  
For beauties patterne to succeding men.  
Yet doe thy worst ould Time despight thy wrong,  
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,  
A Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,  
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted  
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,.  
An eye more bright then theirs,lesse false in rowling:  
Gilding the obiect where-pon it gazeth,  
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,  
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth  
And for a woman were thou first created,  
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,  
Mine bethy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

21

S O is it not with me as with that Muse,  
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,  
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,  
Making a coopelment of proud compare  
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and seas rich gems:  
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,  
That heauens ayre in this huge rondere hemis,  
O let me true in loue but truly write,  
And then beleue me,my loue is as faire,  
As any mothers childe,though not so bright  
As those gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:  
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,  
I will not prysse that purpose not to sell.

C

22

SHAKESPEARES

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes (sore dutious) now conuerted are  
From his low tract and looke an other way:  
So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:  
Unlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8.

**M**Vick to heare, why hear'st thou mufick sadly,  
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:  
Why lou'st thou that which thou receauft not gladly,  
Or else reccau'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,  
By vniions married do offend thine eare,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldest beare:  
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,  
Strikes each in each by muuall ordering;  
Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee thou single wile proue note.

9.

**I**S it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,  
That thou coniur'st thy selfe in single life?  
Ah; if thou iſſuleſſe ſhāt hap to die,  
The world will waile thee like a makeleſſe wife,  
The world wilbe thy widdow and ſtill weepe,  
That thou no forme of thee haſt left behind,  
When every priuat widdow well may keepe,  
By childrens eyes, her husbands ſhape in minde:  
Looke what an vnrifthit in the world doth ſpend  
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world inioyes it  
But beauties waſto hath in the world an end,  
And kept vnuſde the vſer ſo deſtroyeſt it:  
No loue toward others in that boſome ſits  
That on himſelfe ſuch mundrous shame committis.

10.

SONNETS.

10

For shame deny that thou bear'st long to any  
Who for thy selfe art so vnprouidene  
Graunt if thou wile, thou art belou'd of many,  
But that thou none lou'st is most euident:  
For thou art so possest with murdrous hate,  
That against thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,  
Seeking that beatiuous roose to ruinate  
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire :  
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,  
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?  
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,  
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,  
    Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,  
    That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

11

A S fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st,  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,  
And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,  
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,  
Herein liues wiſdom, beauty, and increafe,  
Without this follie, age, and could decay,  
If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
And threescoore yeare would make the world away:  
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, feature leſſe, and rude, barrenly perrish,  
Looke whom ſhe beſt in dow'd, ſhe gaue the more;  
Which bountious giuſt thou ſhouldſt in bounti cheriſh,  
    She caru'd thee for her ſcale, and ment therby,  
    Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that coppy die.

12

V Vhen I doe count the clocke that tellſ the time,  
    And ſee the braue day ſunk in hidious night,  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And ſable curlſ or ſiluer'd one with white:  
When lofty trees I ſee barene of leauea,  
Which erſt from heat did canopic the herd

B 3

And

## SHAKESPEARE

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues  
Borne on the beare with white and blisly beard:  
Then of thy beauty do I question make  
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,  
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow,  
And nothing gainst Times siech can make defence  
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

13

Q That you were your selfe, but loue you are  
No longer yours, then you your selfe here live,  
Against this cumming end you shoulde prepa're,  
And your sweete lembiance to some other give.  
So shoulde that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination, then you were  
You selfe again after your selfes decease,  
When your sweete issue your sweete forme shoulde beare,  
Who lets so faire a houise fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,  
Against the stormy gusts of winters day  
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?

O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,  
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

14

N Ot fro[n] the stars do I my iudgement plucke,  
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,  
But not to tell of good, or evill lucke,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons qualitie,  
Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and wind,  
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel  
By oft predict that I in heauen finde,  
But from thine eies my knowledge I derive,  
And constant stars in them I read such art  
As truth and beautie shal together thriue  
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldest conuert.

S O U N D S . 2

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

W Hen I consider every thing that growes  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stagg presenteth nought but shewes  
Whereop the Stars in secret influence comment,  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheared and cheake evry by the selfe same skies  
Vaunt in their youthfull hap, at heigh decrease,  
And were their braue state out of memory,  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,  
Sets you most rich in yough before my sight,  
Where waftfull time debateith with decay  
To change your day of youth to fullid nights,  
And all in war with Time for loue of you  
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

B ut wherefore do not you a mighties waife  
Make warre vpon this bloudie tyrant tyme,  
And fortifie your selfe in your decay  
With meanes more blessed then my barren tyme,  
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,  
And many maiden gardes yet unset,  
With vertuous wish would breare your living flowers,  
Much liker then your pairead countefites  
So shoud the lines of life that life repaire  
Which this (Times pensel or gay pupill pen)  
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire  
Can make you liue your selfe in cies of men,  
To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,  
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweete skill.

17

V V Who will beleue my vsle in time to come  
If it were full with your most high deserts,  
B 4 Though.

## SHAKESPEARE

Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe  
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say this Poet lies,  
Such heauenly touches were toucht earthly faces.  
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)  
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,  
And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage,  
And stretched miter of an Antique song.

But were some childe of yours aliue that time,  
You should liue twise in it, and in my time.

18.

**S**Hall I compare thee to a Summers day?  
Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,  
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,

So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19.

**D**euouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,  
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,  
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,  
And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,  
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:  
But I forbid thee onc mo<sup>st</sup> hainous crime,

## SONNETS.

O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,  
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,  
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,  
For beauties patterne to succeding men.

Yet doe thy worst ould Time despight thy wrong,  
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,  
A Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,  
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted  
With shifting change as is false wemens fashion,  
An eye more bright then theirs,lesse false in rowling:  
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,  
A man in hew all *Heves* in his controwling,  
Which steales mens eyes and wemens soules amaseth  
And for a woman wert thou first created,  
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prickt thee out for wemens pleasure,  
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

21

S O is it not with me as with that Muse,  
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,  
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,  
Making a coopelment of proud compare  
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and seas rich gems:  
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,  
That heauens ayre in this huge rondere hemis,  
O let me true in loue but truly write,  
And then beleue me,my loue is as faire,  
As any mothers childe,though not so bright  
As those gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:  
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,  
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

C

22

**M**Y glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,  
So long as youth and thou aie of one date,  
But when in thee times forwes I behould,  
Then look I death my daies shoulde expiate,  
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,  
Is but the seemly rayment of my heart,  
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,  
How can I then be elder then thou art?  
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,  
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,  
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,  
Thou gaulest me thine not to giue backe againe.

**A**S an vnpersect actor on the stage,  
Who with his feare is put besid his part,  
Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,  
Whose strengths abundance weakens his owne heart;  
So I for feare of trust, forget to say,  
The perfect ceremony of loues right,  
And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,  
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:  
O let my books be then the eloquence,  
And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,  
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,  
More then that tongue that more hath more exprest.  
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,  
To heare wities belongs to loues fine wite.

**M**INE eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeled,  
My beauties forme in table of my heart,  
My body is the frame wherin ti's held,  
And perspective it is bett Painters art,  
For through the Painter must you see his skill,

To

## SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,  
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:  
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,  
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun  
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25

Let those who are in fauor with their stars,  
Of publike honour and proud titles boſt,  
Whilſt I u home fortune of ſuch triumph bars  
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour moſt;  
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues ſpread,  
But as the Marygold at the fune eye,  
And in them-ſelues their pride lies buried,  
For at a frowne they in their glory die.  
The painefull warrirer famofed for wort,  
After a thouſand victories once foild,  
Is from the booke of honour rafeſt quite,  
And all the reſt forgot for which he coild:  
Then happy I that loue and am beloved  
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

26

Lord of my loue, to whome in vassalage  
Thy merrit hath my dutie ſtrongly knit;  
To thee I ſend this written ambafſage  
To witneſſe duty, not to ſhew my wit.  
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poore as mine  
May make ſeeme bare, in wanting words to ſhew it;  
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine  
In thy ſoules thought (all naked) will beſtow it:  
Til whatſoever ſtar that guides my mouing,  
Points on me gratiouſly with faire aspect,  
And puts apparel on my torterred louing,

C 2

To

SHAKESPEARE,

To show me worthy of their sweet respect,  
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,  
Til then, not show my head where thou maist proue me

27

W<sup>E</sup>ary with toyle, I haue me to my bed,  
The deare repose for limes with trauaill tired,  
But then begins a iourny in my head  
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,  
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.  
Saue that my soules imaginary sight  
Presents their shadroe to my sightles view,  
Which like a iewell (hunge in gasty night)  
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.  
Loe thus by day my limes, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

H<sup>OW</sup> can I then returne in happy plighe  
That am debard the benifit of rest?  
When daies oppression is not eazd by night,  
But day by night and night by day oprest.  
And each (though enimis to ethers raigne)  
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toyle, the other to complaine  
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,  
And wot him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:  
So fitter I the swart complexiond night,  
When sparkling stars twire not thou guylst th' eauen.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, (stronger  
And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme

29

W<sup>E</sup>hen in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,  
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,  
And

## SONNETS.

And trouble deaf heauen with my bootelesse cries,  
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,  
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,  
With what I most inioy contented least,  
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,  
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the Larke at bireake of daye arising)  
From sullen earth sings hims at Heauens gate,  
For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,  
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30

**V**Vhen to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,  
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:  
Then can I drowne an eye(vn-vl'd to flow)  
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
And weepe a fresh loues long since cancel'd woe,  
And mone th'expence of many a vannisht light.  
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,  
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
The sad account of sore-bemonded mone,  
Which I new pay as if not payd before.  
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

31

**T**hy boforne is indeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,  
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious teare  
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,  
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.

C 3

To

### SHAKESPEARES

Thou art the grane where buried loue doth lie,  
Hung with the trophies of my louers gon,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,  
That due of many, now is thine alone.

Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well contented daie,  
When that charle death my bones with dust shall couer  
And shal by fortune once more re-suruay:  
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:  
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,  
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,  
Reserue them for my loue, not for their time,  
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.  
Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,  
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,  
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought  
To march in ranckes of better equipage:  
But since he died and Poets better proue,  
Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

33

VII many a glorious morning haue I seene,  
Flaunting the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,  
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;  
Gilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:  
Anon permit the basest cloud's to ride,  
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,  
And from the for-orne world his visage hide  
Stealing vnto the west with this d'sgrace:  
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,  
But our alack, he was but one houre mine,  
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdauneth,  
Suns of the world may staune, whē heauenas sun stainteth.

34

SONNETS.

34

**VV**Hy didst thou promise such a beautious day,  
And make me trauale forth without my cloake,  
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,  
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.  
Tis not enou .h that through the cloude thou breake,  
To dry the raine on my storne-beaten face,  
For no man well of such ava'ue can speake,  
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give phisicke to my griefe,  
Though thou repent , yet I haue still the losse,  
Th' offenders forrow lends but weake relieve  
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.  
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,  
And they are ritch, and ransome all ill deeds.

35

**N**O more bee greeu'd at that which thou hast done.  
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,  
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,  
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,  
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:  
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in fence,  
Thy aduerte party is thy Aduocate,  
And gaingst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,  
Such civill war is in my loue and hate;  
That I an accessory needs must be,  
To that sweet theefe which sounrely robs from me,

36

**L**et me confess that we two must be twaine,  
Although our vndeuided loues are one:  
So shall those blets that do with me remaine,  
Without thy helpe , by me be borne alone.  
In our two loues there is but one respect,

Though

SHAKESPEARE

Though in our liues a seperable spight,  
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,  
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,  
I may not euer more acknowledge thee,  
Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,  
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:

But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

**A**s a decrepit fater takes delight,  
To see his active childe do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truthe.  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more  
Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,  
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poore, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance gine,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory liue:

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee,  
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

38

**H**ow can my Muse want subiect to inuent  
While thou dost breath that poor'rt into my verse,  
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,  
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:  
Oh givē thy selfe the thankes if ought in me,  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,  
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thy selfe dost givē inuention light?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Then those old nine which rimers innocate,  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall

SONNETS.

Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight Music doe please these curious dates,  
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

39

**O**H how thy worth with manners may I singe,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;  
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,  
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,  
And our deare loue loose name of singele one,  
That by this seperation I may glue:  
That due to thee which thou deseru'it alone:  
Oh absence what a torment wouldest thou proue,  
Were it not thy soure leisure gaue sweet leaue,  
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,  
VVhich time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue,  
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twaine,  
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40

**T**AKE all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,  
What haſt thou then more then thou hadſt before?  
No loue, my loue, that thou maſt true loue call,  
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more:  
Then iſſor my loue, thou my loue receiuest,  
I cannot blaue thee, for my loue thou viſt,  
But yet be blaun'd, if thou this ſelue deceaueſt  
By wilfull taste of what thy ſelue refuſeſt.  
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theſe  
Although thou ſteale theſe all my pouerty:  
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe  
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.  
Lasciuious grace, in whom all iſ wel showes,  
Kill me with ſplights, yet we muſt not be foes.

41

**T**Hose pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am ſome time abſent from thy heart,

D

Thy

S N A K E-S P E A R E S.

Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,  
For still temptation followes where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,  
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.  
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,  
Will surely leaue her till he haue preuailed.  
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbeare,  
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their ryot euен there  
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:  
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

42

**T**HAT thou haſt her it is not all my griefe,  
And yet it may be ſaid I lou'd her deereſly;  
That ſhe hath thee is of my wayling cheife,  
A loſſe in loue that touches me more neerely.  
Louing offendours thus I will excuse yee,  
Thou dooſt loue her, because thou knowſt I loue her,  
And for my ſake euен ſo doth ſhe abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approoue her,  
If I looſe thee, my loſſe is my loues' gaine,  
And looſing her, my friend hath found that loſſe,  
Both finde each other, and I looſe both twaine,  
And both for my ſake lay on me this crosse,  
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,  
Sweete flattery, then ſhe loues but me alone.

43

**W**HEN moſt I winke then doe mine eyes beſt ſee,  
For all the day they view things vnreſpected,  
But when I ſleepe, in dreameſ they looke on thee,  
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.  
Then thou whole ſhadow ſhadowes doth make bright,  
How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy ſhow,  
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,  
When to vnaſſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines to?

How

## SONNETS.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,  
By looking on thee in the living day?  
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,  
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?  
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me.

44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Iniurious distance should not stop my way,  
For then despight of space I would be brought,  
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,  
No matter then although my foote did stand  
Vpon the farthest earth remooy'd from thee,  
For nimble thought can iuimpe both sea and land,  
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.  
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought  
To leape large lengths of myles when thou art gone,  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend times leisure with my mone.  
Receiving naughts by elements so floe,  
But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

45

The other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present absent with swift motion slide,  
For when these quicker Elementes are gone  
In tender Embasie of loue to thes,  
My life being made of soure, with two alone,  
Sinkes downe to death, opprest with melancholie,  
Vntill liues composition be recured,  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who euen but now come back againe assured,  
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.  
This told, I oy, but then no longer glad,  
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

D 3

Mine

**M**ine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,  
How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,  
Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre,  
My heart, mine eye the free dome of that right,  
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,  
(A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)  
But the descendant doth that plea deny,  
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes,  
To side this title is impannedell  
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,  
And by their verdict is determined  
The cleere eyes moyitic, and the deare hearts part,  
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,  
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

**B**etwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,  
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,  
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,  
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;  
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,  
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.  
So either by thy picture or my loue,  
Thy seise away, are present still with me,  
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee.  
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

**H**ow carefull was I when I tooke my way,  
Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,  
That to my vse it might vn-vised stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of truſt?  
But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,

Most

## SONNETS.

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,  
Thou best of decreft, and mine onely care,  
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.  
I hee haue I not lockt vp in any cheft,  
Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,  
Within the gentle cloſure of my breft,  
From whence at pleasure thou maſt come and part,  
And euē thence thou wilt be ſtolne I feare,  
For truth prooues theeuiſh for a prize ſo deare.

49

**A**gainſt that time (iſeuer that time come)  
When I ſhall ſee thee frowne on my deſects,  
When as thy loue hath caſt his vtmoſt ſumme,  
Cauſt to that audite by aduif'd reſpects,  
Againſt that time when thou ſhakeſt ſtrangely paſſe,  
And ſcarcely greeete me with that ſunne thine eye,  
When loue conuerted from the thing it was  
Shall reaſons finde of ſetled grauitie.  
Againſt that time do I inſconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine owne deſart,  
And this my hand, againſt my ſelue vpreare,  
To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,  
To leaue poore me, thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,  
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cauſe.

50

**H**ow heauie doe I iourney on the way,  
When what I ſeek (my wearie trauels end)  
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay  
Thus farre the miles are meaſurde from thy friend.  
The beaſt that beares me, tired with my woe,  
Plods duly on, to beare that waignt in me,  
As if by ſome iſtinct the wretch did know  
His riſer lou'd not ſpeed being made from thee:  
The bloody ſpurre cannot proouke him on,  
That ſome-tiſnes anger thrusts into hiſ hide,  
Which heauily he anſwers with a grone,

D 3

More

SHAKESPEARES.

More sharpe to me then spurting to his side,  
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,  
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

**T**HUS can my loue excuse the slow offence,  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,  
From where thou art, why should I hast me theace,  
Till I returne of postinge is noe need.  
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,  
When swift extremitie can seeme but slow,  
Then should I spure though mounted on the wind,  
In winged speed no motion shall I know,  
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,  
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)  
Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,  
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,  
Since from thee going he went wilfull slow,  
Towards thee ile run, and give him leue to goe.

52

**S**O am I as the rich whose blessed key,  
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,  
The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,  
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,  
Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captaine Iewells in the carconer.  
So is the time that keepes you as my chest,  
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,  
By new vnsoulding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,  
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

53

**V**Vhat is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?  
Since

## SONNETS.

Since euery one, hath every one, one shade,  
And you but one, can every shaddow lend:  
Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,  
Is poorely immitated after you,  
On *Hellenes* cheeke all art of beautie set,  
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:  
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,  
The one doth shaddow of your beautie shew,  
The other as your bountie doth appeare,  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all externall grace you haue some part,  
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54.

**O**H how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,  
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeeme  
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:  
The Canker-bloomes haue full as deepe a die,  
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,  
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,  
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:  
But for their virtue only is their show,  
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,  
Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so,  
Of their sweet deatthes, are sweetest odors made:  
And so of you, beautious and louely youth,  
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55.

**N**ot marble, nor the gilded monument,  
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents.  
Then vnswpt stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time,  
When wastefull warre shall *Starnes* ouer-turne,  
And broiles reote out the worke of masonry,  
Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:  
The living record of your memory.

Gaines

SHAKESPEARE.

Gaint death, and all oblivious emnity  
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
You liue in this, and dwell in louers cies.

56

**S**weet loue renew thy force, be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be then aperite,  
Which but too daie by feeding is alaid,  
To morrow sharpt in his former might,  
So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill  
Thy hungrie cies, euen till they winck with sulnesse,  
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill  
The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse;  
Let this sad *Intray* like the Ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,  
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:  
Returne of loue, more bleſſ may be the view.  
As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,  
Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wiſh'd, more rare:

57

**B**eing your ſlauē what ſhould I doe but tend,  
Vpon the houres, and times of your deſire?  
I haue no precious time at al to ſpend;  
Nor ſeruices to doe til you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,  
Whilſt I (my ſoueraine) watch the clock for you,  
Nor thinke the bitternesſe of abſence lowre,  
VVhen you haue bid your ſeruant once adieu.  
Nor dare I queſtion with my iealous thought,  
VVhere you may be, or your affaires ſuppoſe,  
But like a ſad ſlauē ſtay and thinke of noughe  
Saue where you are, how happy you make thoſe.  
So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,  
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

SONNETS.

58

**T**HAT God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought controle your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to craue,  
Being your vassail bound to staine your leisure.  
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)  
Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,  
And patience tame to sufferance bide each check,  
Without accusing you of iniury.  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
That you your selfe may priuiledge your time  
To what you will, to you it doth belong,  
Your selfe so pardon of selfe-doing crime.  
I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

**I**F their bee nothing new, but that which is,  
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,  
Which laboring for inuention beare amisse  
The second burthen of a former child?  
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,  
Euen of fwe hundredes of the Sunne,  
Show me your image in some antique booke,  
Since minde at first in carecter was done.  
That I might see what the old world could say,  
To this composed wonder of your frame,  
Whether we are wended, or where better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,  
To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

**I**KE as the waues make towards the pibled shore,  
So do our minuites hasten to their end,  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toile all forwards do contend.  
Natiuity once in the maine of light.

E

Crawls

SHAKESPEARE

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gauë, doch now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,  
And delues the paralels in beauties beow,  
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,  
And nothing stands but for his sick to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth, despight his cruel hand.

62

Si thy wil, thy Image should keepe open  
My heauy eies to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee?  
So farre from home into my deeds to paye,  
To find out shames and idle houres in me,  
The skope and tenure of thy lelouise?  
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,  
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,  
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,  
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

63

Inne of selfe-loue possessteth al mine eie,  
And all my soule, and al my euery part,  
And for this finne there is no remedie,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Me thinkes no face so gratiouse is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,  
As I all other in al worths surmount.  
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed  
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,  
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

SONNETS.

Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,  
Tis thee(may selfe)that for my selfe I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

A Gainst my loue shall be as I am now  
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,  
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow  
With lines and wrinckles, when his youthfull morn  
Hath trausild on to Ages sleepie night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he's King  
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.  
For such a time do I now forfite  
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.  
His beautie shall in these blakke lines be seene, i  
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64

VV Hen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of ourworne byried age,  
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,  
And braffe eternall slau to mortall rage.  
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine  
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,  
And the fyme soile win of the watry maine,  
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.  
When I haue seene such interchange of state,  
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,  
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminante  
That Time will come and take my loue away.  
This thought is as a death which cannot choose  
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

SInce braffe, nor stome, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,  
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,

E 2

How

## SHAKESPEARES

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,  
Whose action is not stronger then a flower?  
O how shall sumthers hunny breath hold out,  
Against the wrackfull fradge of bartring dayes,  
When rocks impregnable are nise so stroake,  
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decays?  
O fearefull meditation, where alack,  
Shall times best leuell from times cheft lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,  
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbide?  
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,  
That in black inck my loue may still haue brighte.

66

**T**YR'd with all these for restfull death I cry,  
As to behold desert a begger borne,  
And needie Nothing trimd in iollicie,  
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,  
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And arte made tung-tide by authoricie,  
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,  
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplictie,  
And captiué-good attending Captaine ill.  
Tyr'd with all these, from chefe would I be gone,  
Sauē that to dye, I leauē my loue alone.

67

**A**H wherefore with infection should he liue,  
And with his presence grace impietie,  
That sinne by him aduantage should achiue,  
And lace it selfe with his societie?  
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,  
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?  
Why should poore beautie indirectly lecke,  
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?

Why

S O N N E S .

Why should he liue, now nature banckrount is,  
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?

O him she stora, to shew what welch she had,  
In daies long since, before these left to bed.

68

**T**Hus is his cheeke the map of daies out-wore,  
When beauty liu'd and dy'd as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brows  
Before the goulden tressles of the dead,  
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,  
To liue a scond life on second head,  
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:  
In him thosc holy antique howers are scene,  
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,  
Making no summer of an others greene,  
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To shew faulfe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

**T**Hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
All tounys (the voice of soules) give thee that end,  
Vetting bare truth, even so as foes Command.  
Their outward thus with outward praisē is crownd,  
But those same tounys that give thee so thine owne,  
In other accents doe this praisē confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath showne.  
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,  
Then churle their thoughts (although their eies were kind)  
To thy faire flower ad the rancke stell of weeds,  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy shew,  
The soleye is this, that thou doest common grow.

E 3

That

SHAKESPEARE

70

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For flanders malice was euer y et the faire,  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A Crow that flies in heauenis sweete syne.  
So thou be good,flander doch bet approue,  
Their worth the greater beeing wood of time,  
For Caister vice the sweete selfe buds doch loue,  
And thou present it a pure vnsayned prime.  
Thou haft past by the ambush of young daies,  
Either not assayld,or victor beeing charg'd,  
Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy prale,  
To tye vp enuy,euermore enlarged,

If some suspect of ill maskt not thy shew,  
Then thou alone kingdome of hearts shouldst owe.

71

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,  
Then you shall heare the fur'y sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:  
Nay if you read this line,remember not,  
The hand that writ it,for I loue you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then shoulde make you woe.  
O if I say,you looke vpon this verse,  
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poore name reberfe,  
But let your loue eu'en with my life decay.

Least the wise world should looke into your mone,  
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O Least the world should taske you to recite,  
What merit liu'd in me that you should loue  
After my death(deare loue)for get me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.  
Valeſſe you would deuise ſome verious hye,

S O N N E T S .

To doe more for me then mine owne defere,  
And hang more praise vpon deceas'd I,  
Then nigard truth would willingly imperte.  
O least your true loue may seeme falce in this,  
That you for loue speake well of me vntre,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.  
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73

**T**HAT time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe henge  
Vpon those boughes which shake against the cold,  
Bare in'vd quiers, where late the fwe et birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,  
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,  
As the deach bed, whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nurisht by.  
This thou perceu'ft, which makes thy loue more strong,  
To loue that well, which thou must leave ere long.

74

**B**EVe be contented when that fell aresh,  
Without all bayle shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reuewest this, thou doest seew,  
The very part was consecrate to thee,  
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,  
My spirit is thine the better part of me,  
So then thou hast but lost the dreggs of life,  
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,  
The coward conquest of a wretches knife.

To

SHAKESPEARE

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gauë, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,  
And delues the parades in beauties beow,  
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,  
And nothing stands but for his sick to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth, dispite his cruel hand.

61

IS it thy wil, aby Image should keepe open  
My heauy eie, id to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'ft from thee?  
So farre from home into my deeds to pryc,  
To find out shames and idle houres in me,  
The skope and tenure of thy le louie?  
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,  
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,  
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,  
To plaine the watch-man euer for thy sake,  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me farre of, with others all to neare.

62

INN of selfe-loue possessteth al mine eie,  
And all my soule, and al my every part,  
And for this finne there is no remedie,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Me thinkes no face so gratiouis is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,  
As I all other in all-worths surmount.  
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed  
Beated and chopt with tande antiquitie,  
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

SONNETS.

Selfe, so selfeloving were iniquity,  
Tis thee(my selfe)that for my selfe I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

A Gainst my loue shall be as I am now  
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,  
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow  
With lines and wrinckes, when his youthfull morn  
Hath trausaid on to Ages steepie night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he's King  
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasufe of his Spring.  
For such a time do I now forfite  
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.  
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene, i  
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64

VVV Hen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of ourworne buryed age,  
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,  
And brasie eternall flauie to mortall rage.  
When I haue seene the hungry Oceane gaine  
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,  
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,  
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.  
When I haue seene such interchange of state,  
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,  
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminante  
That Time will come and take my loue away.

This thought is as a deaþ which cannot choose  
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

Since brasie, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,  
But sad mortality oþer-swaies their power,

E 3

How

SHAKESPEARES

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?  
O how shall sumthers hunny breath hold out,  
Against the wrackfull frigge of bartring dayes,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stroake,  
Nor gates of Steele so strong but time deceyse?  
O scaredfull meditation, where alack,  
Shall times best lewell from times cheft lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,  
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbide?  
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,  
That in black inck my loue may still shone bright.

66

**T**Y'r'd with all these for restfull death I cry,  
As to behold desert a begger borne,  
And needie Nothing triend in iollicie,  
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,  
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
And tight perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,  
And Folly (Doctor-like) controulning skill,  
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplictie,  
And captiuē-good attending Captaine ill.  
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

**A**H wherefore with infection should be liue,  
And with his presence grace impietie,  
That sinne by him aduantage should achiue,  
And lace it selfe with his societie?  
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,  
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?  
Why should poore beautie indirectly feele,  
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?

Why

SONNETS.

Why shoulde he liue, now nature banckrount is,  
Beggerd of bloud to blush through lively vaines,  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?

O him she strews, to shew what welch she had,  
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

68

**T**hus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worn,  
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brows  
Before the goulden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchers, were shorne awaie,  
To liue a scound life on second head,  
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique howers are scene,  
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,  
Making no summer of an others greene,  
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,  
And him as for a map doth Nature stow,  
To shew faulfe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

**T**hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
All toungs (the voice of soules) give thee that end,  
Vtting bare truthe, euen so as foes Command.  
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,  
But those same toungs that give thee so thine owne,  
In other accents doe this praise confound  
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.  
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,  
Then churle their thoughts (although their eies were kind)  
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
The soleye is this, that thou doest common grow.

E 3

That

SHAKESPEARE

70

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slanders make was every et the faire,  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest syre.  
So thou be good, slander doth but appose,  
Their worth the greater beeing wood of time,  
For Caucher vice the sweetest buds doth loue,  
And thou present'it a pure vnstayned prime.  
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,  
Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,  
Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,  
To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,  
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdome of hearts shouldest owe.

71

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,  
Then you shall heare the furly sullen bell  
Giuе warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:  
Nay if you read this line, remember not,  
The hand that wrt it, for I loue you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then shouldest make you woe.  
O if I say you looke vpon this verse,  
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poore name reberfe,  
But let your loue eu'en with my life decay.

Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your mone,  
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O Leaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,  
What merit liu'd in me that you ſhould loue  
After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.  
Valeſſe you would deuile ſome veracious lyē,

## S O N V R S.

To doe more for me then mine owne defere,  
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,  
Then nigard truth would willingly impart,  
O least your true loue may seeme false in this,  
That you for loue speake well of me vntue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.  
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73

**T**HAT time of yecare thou maist in me behold,  
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
Vpon those booughes which shake against the coald,  
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,  
Deaths second scife that seals vp all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his yowth doth lye,  
As the deach bed, whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nurricht by.  
This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,  
To loue that well, which thou must leue ere long.

74

**B**YE be contented when that fell arrest,  
Without all bayle shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memoriall Gill-wish thee shall stay.  
When thou reuewest this, thou doest renew,  
The very part was consecrate to thee,  
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,  
My spirit is thine the better part of me,  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The pray of wortnes, my body being dead,  
The coward conquest of a wretches knife.

To

SHAKESPEARE

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gauë, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,  
And delues the paralels in beauties beow,  
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,  
And nothing stands but for his sick to mow.

And yet to time & in hope, my verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth, despighte his cruell hand.

61

**I**S it thy wil, shy Image should keepe open  
My heavy eielids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee?  
So farre from home into my deeds to pye,  
To find out shames and idle houres in me,  
The skope and tenure of thy lelouise?  
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,  
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,  
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,  
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

62

**S**Inne of selfe-loue possessest al mine eie,  
And all my soule, and al my every part,  
And for this sinne there is no remedie,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Me thinkes no face so gratiouse is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,  
As I all other in al worths surmount.  
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed  
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,  
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

SONNETS.

Self, so selfe loving were iniquity,  
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

A Gainst my loue shall be as I am now  
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,  
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow  
With lines and wrinckles, when his youthfull mome  
Hath transiuid on to Ages sleepie night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he's King  
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.  
For such a time do I now forfite  
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.  
His beautie shall in these blakke lines be seene, i  
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64

VV Hen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of ourworne byried age,  
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,  
And brasie eternall slau to mortall rage.  
When I haue seene the hungry Oceane gaine  
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,  
And the firme soile win of the warry maine,  
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.  
When I haue seene such interchange of state,  
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,  
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminante  
That Time will come and take my loue away.  
This thought is as a death which cannot choose  
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

Since brasie, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality ore-swaies their power,

E 2

How

SHAKESPEARES

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?  
O how shall furniters hungry breath hold out,  
Against the wrackfull foyage of battring dayes,  
When rocks impenetrable are nide so floote,  
Nor gates of Steele so strong but time decayes?  
O fearfull meditation, where alack,  
Shall times best leuell from times cheft lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,  
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?  
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,  
That in black inck my loue may still shone bright.

66

TYR'D with all these for restfull death I cry,  
As to behold desert a begger borne,  
And needie Nothing trimd in iollicie,  
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,  
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,  
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuluing skill,  
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicicie,  
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.  
TYR'D with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

AH wherefore with infection should he liue,  
And with his presence grace impietie,  
That sinne by him aduantage should achiue,  
And lace it selfe with his societie?  
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,  
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?  
Why shold poore beautie indirectly leake,  
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?

Why

## SONNETS.

Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,  
Beggerd of bloud to blush through lively vaines,  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?  
O him she strews, so shew whas welch she had,  
In daies long since, before these left to bed.

68

**T**hus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worn,  
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow,  
Before the goulden tressles of the dead,  
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,  
To liue a scound life on second head,  
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique howers are seene,  
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,  
Making no summer of an others green,  
Robbing no ould to dressle his beauty new,  
And him as for a map doth Nature stow,  
To shew faulfe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

**T**hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
All toungs (the voice of soules) give thee that end,  
Vetting bare truth, euen so as foes Command.  
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,  
But those same toungs that give thee so thine owne,  
In other accents doe this praise confound  
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.  
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,  
Then churle their thoughts (although their eies were kind)  
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
The solec is this, that thou doest common grow.

E 3

That

SHAKESPEARES.

Gaint death, and all oblivious emnity  
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
You liue in this, and dwell in louers cies.

56

**S**weet loue renew thy force, be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be then aperite,  
Which but too daie by feeding is alaid,  
To morrow sharpned in his former might.  
So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill  
Thy hungrie cies, euen till they winck with sulnesse,  
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill  
The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:  
Let this sad *Intray* like the Ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,  
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:  
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.  
As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,  
Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare:

57

**B**eing your slauē what should I doe but rend,  
Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?  
I haue no precious time at al to spend;  
Nor seruices to doe til you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,  
Whilst I (my soueraine)watch the clock for you,  
Nor thinkē the bitternesse of absence lowre,  
VVhen you haue bid your seruant once adieue.  
Nor dare I question with my icalious thought,  
VVhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,  
But like a sad slauē stay and thinke of nought  
Saue where you are, how happy you make those.  
So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,  
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

SONNETS.

58

**T**HAT God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand ch' acount of hours to craue,  
Being your vassail bound to staine your leisure.  
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)  
Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,  
And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,  
Without accusing you of iniury.  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
That you your selfe may priuiledge your time  
To what you will, to you it doth belong,  
Your selfe so pardon of selfe-doing crime.  
I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

**I**F their bee nothing new, but that which is,  
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguilde,  
Which laboring for inuention beare smisse  
The second burthen of a former child ?  
Oh that record could with a back-ward booke,  
Euen of fife hundredth courses of the Sunne,  
Show me your image in some antique booke,  
Since minde at first in carreter was done.  
That I might see what the old world could say,  
To this composed wonder of your frame,  
Whether we are mended, or where better they,  
Or whether reuolution be the same.  
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,  
To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

**I**KE as the waues make towards the pibled shore,  
So do our minuites haften to their end,  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toile all forwards do contend.  
Natiuite once in the maime of light.

E

Crawls

SHAKESPEARE

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gau, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,  
And delues the parades in beauties brow,  
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scieh to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth, despight his couell hand.

62

Is it thy wil, aby Image should keepe open  
My heauy eie, lids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,  
So farre from home into my deeds to prye,  
To find out shames and idle houres in me,  
The skope and tenure of thy le louke?  
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,  
It is my loue that keeps mine eie awake,  
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,  
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

63

Inne of selfe-loue possessefeth al mine eie,  
And all my soule, and al my euery part;  
And for this finne there is no remedie,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Me thinkes no face so gratiouis is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account.  
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,  
As I all other in al worths surmount.  
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed  
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,  
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

SONNETS

Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,  
Tis thee(my selfe)that for my selfe I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

A Gainst my loue shall be as I am now  
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,  
When houres haue dreid his blood and fild his brow  
With lines and wrinckles, when his youthfull mome  
Hath tyaluid on to Ages steepie night,  
And all those beasties whereof now he's King  
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.  
For such a time do I now forthe  
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.  
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene, i  
And they shall live, and he in them still greene.

64

VV Hen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of ourworne byried age,  
When sometime lostie towers I see downe rased,  
And braffe eternall flauie to mortall rage.  
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine  
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,  
And the firme soile win of the warry maine,  
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.  
When I haue seene such interchange of state,  
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,  
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminante  
That Time will come and take my loue away.  
This thought is as a death which cannot choose  
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

SInce braffe, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,

E 3

Now

SHAKESPEARES

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger then a flowers?  
O how shall sumthers hungry breath hold out,  
Against the wrackfull frigge of battering dayes,  
When rocks impregnallit are née so stroake,  
Nor gates of the citie so strong but time decays?  
O fearefull meditation, where alack,  
Shall times best lewell from times cheft lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,  
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbide?  
O none, vnlesse this mirrake have might,  
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

66

**T**YR'd with all these for restfull death I cry,  
As to behold desert a begger borne,  
And needie Nothing trimd in iollicie,  
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,  
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,  
And Folly (Doctor-like) controulning skill,  
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplictie,  
And captiuē-good attending Captaine ill.  
TYR'd with all these, from thefe would I be gone;  
Sauē that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

**A**H wherefore with infection should he liue,  
And with his presence grace impietie,  
That sinne by him aduantage should achiue,  
And lace it selfe with his societie?  
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,  
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?  
Why should poore beautie indirectly leake,  
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?

Why

SONNETS.

Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,  
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,  
For she hath po exchequer now but his,  
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?

O him she stora, so shew what welch she had,  
In daies long since, before these left to bed.

68

**T**Hus is his cheeke the map of daies out-wore,  
When beauty liu'd and dy'd as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow,  
Before the goulden tressles of the dead,  
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,  
To liue a scond life on second head,  
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique howers are scene,  
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,  
Making no summer of an others greene,  
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To shew faulfe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

**T**Hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
All toungs (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,  
Vtting bare truch, euen so as foes Command.  
Their outward thus with outward prafe is crownd,  
But those same toungs that giue thee so thine owne,  
In other accents doe this praise confound  
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.  
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,  
Then churle their thoughts (although their eies were kind)  
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
The soleye is this, that thou doest common grow.

67

E 3

That

SHAKESPEARE

70

That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slanders malice was euer yet faire,  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approue,  
Their worth the greater beeing wo'd of time,  
For Caunter vice the sweetest buds doth loue,  
And thou present'it a pure vnstayned prime.  
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,  
Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,  
Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,  
To rye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,

If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdome of hearts shouldest owe.

71

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,  
Then you shall heare the furly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:  
Nay if you read this line, remember not,  
The hand that wrot it, for I loue you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then shouldest make you woe.  
O if I say you looke vpon this verse,  
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poore name reherse;  
But let your loue even with my life decay.

Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your moſe,  
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O Leaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,  
What merit liu'd in me that you ſhould loue  
After my deaſh (deare loue) for get me quite,  
For you in me can noching worthy proue.  
Whilſte you would deuise ſome vertuous lyne,

S on w y z .

To doe more for me then mine owne deserte,  
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,  
Then nigard truth would willingly impart,  
O leaft your true loue may seeme false in this,  
That you for loue speake well of me vntre,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And liue no more to shame me, nor you.

For I am shand by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73

**T**hat time of yecare thou maist in me behold,  
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
Vpon those boughes which shake against the coald,  
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seeft the twi-light of such day,  
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,  
Deaths second scife that seals vp all in rest.  
In me thou seeft the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his yeaþ doth lye,  
As the death bed, wheron it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nurisht by.

This thou perceu'ſt, which makes thy loue more strong,  
To loue that well, which thou must leave ere long.

74

**B**ut be contented when that fell areste,  
Without all bayle shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reuewest this, thou doest renew,  
The very part was consecrate to thee,  
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,  
My spirit is thine the better part of me,  
So then thou haft but lost the dregs of life,  
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,  
The coward conquest of a wretches knife.

To.

## SHAKESPEARE'S

To base of thee to be remembered,  
The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,  
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.  
Now proud as an ioyer, and amou  
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,  
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by cleane starved for a looke,  
Possessing or pursuing no delight  
Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

VV Hy is my verse so barren of new pride?  
So far from variation or quicke change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside  
To new found methods, and to compounds stranged?  
Why write I still all one, euer the same,  
And keepe inuention in a noced weed,  
That every word doth almost fel my name,  
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,  
And you and loue are still my argument:  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending againe what is already spent:  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my loue still telling what is told,

77

THy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,  
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynutes waste,

The

## SONNETS.

The vacant leaves thy mindes imprint will beare,  
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.  
The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly shew,  
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,  
Thou by thy dyals shadie stealth maist know,  
Times theeuish progresse to eternitie.

Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,  
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde  
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,  
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke:

78

**S**O oft have I inuok'd thee for my Muse,  
And found such faire assistance in my verse,  
As euerie *Alien* pen hath got my vse,  
And vnder thee their poesie dispense.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,  
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,  
Haue added fethers to the learneds wing,  
And giuen grace a double Maiestie.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,  
In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,  
And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.

But thou art al. my art, and doost aduance  
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

**W**Hilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,  
And my sick Muse doth giue an other place,  
I grant ( sweet loue ) thy louely argument  
Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,  
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe.

F

He

## SHAKESPEARES

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,  
From thy behauour, beautie doth he giue  
And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford  
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.  
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

80

○ How I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me young-tide speaking of your fame.  
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest saile doth beare,  
My lawlesse barke (inferior farre to his)  
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.  
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,  
Whilste he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,  
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.  
Then If he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

81

○ R I shall liue your Epitaph to make,  
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I (once gone) to all the wold must dye,  
The earth can yeld me but a common grasse,  
When now incoraded in mens eyes shall ye,  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which even not yet created shall out-read,  
And ouer go to be, your beeing shall rebeare,  
When all the beauteers of this world are dead,  
You tell that are (such vertue hath my Pen)  
Where beaute and beaute, even in the meane of men.

I

SONNETS.

82

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke  
The dedicated words which writers vse  
Of their faire subiect, blessing every booke.  
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,  
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,  
And therefore art insorc'd to seeke anew,  
Some fresher stamp of the time bettering dayes.  
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuise,  
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,  
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,  
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.  
And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,  
Where cheeke need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

I Neuer saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your faire no painting set,  
I found ( or thought I found) you did exceed,  
The barren tender of a Poets debt:  
And therefore haue I slept in your report,  
That you your selfe being extant well might show,  
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,  
This silence for my sinne you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,  
For I impaire not beautie being mute,  
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.

There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,  
Then both your Poets can in praise deuise.

84

W Ho is it that sayes most, which can say more,  
Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,  
In whose confine immured is the store,  
Which should example where your equall grew,  
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

F 2

That

SHAKESPEARES

That to his subiect lends not some small glory,  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,  
That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so cleere,  
And such a counter-part shal fame his wit,  
Making his stile admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings adde a curse,  
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

MY young-tide Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise richly compil'd,  
Reserue their Character with goulden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.  
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,  
And like vnlettered clarke still crie Amen,  
To every Hirne that able spirit affords,  
In polisht for me of well refined pen.  
Hearing you prais'd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,  
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,  
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you  
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,  
Then others, for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

VVAS it the proud full saile of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inheare,  
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,  
Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night  
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.  
He nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was

SONNETS.

I was not sick of any feare from thence.

But when your countinunce fild vp his line,  
Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.

87

**F**arewell thou art too deare for my possessing,  
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,  
The Chater of thy worth giues thee releasing:  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,  
And for that ritches where is my deseruing?  
The cause of this faire guist in me is wanting,  
And so my patient back againe is sweruing.  
Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,  
Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,  
So thy great guist vpon misprision growing,  
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.  
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,  
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

**V**Vhen thou shalt be dispode to set me light,  
And place my meritt in the eie of skorne,  
Vpon thy side, againt my selfe ile fight,  
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:  
With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,  
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story  
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:  
That thou in loosing me, shall win much glory:  
And I by this wil be a gainer too,  
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,  
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,  
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.  
Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

**S**ay that thou didst forsake mee for some fault,  
And I will comment vpon that offence,

F 3

The

## SHAKESPEARE

Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halfe:  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not loue disgrace me halfe so ill,  
To set a forme vpon desired change,  
As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,  
I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:  
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,  
Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,  
Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:  
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,  
For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,  
Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,  
And doe not drop in for an after losse:  
Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,  
Come in the reward of a conquerd woe,  
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,  
To linger out a purposd ouer-throw.  
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,  
When other peticie griefes haue done their spight,  
But in the onset come, so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortunes might.  
And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,  
Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,  
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:  
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse,  
And every humor hath his adiunct pleasure,  
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,  
But these peticulders are not my measure,  
All these I better in one generall best.

Thy

SONNETS.

Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,  
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,  
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:  
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.  
Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

But doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,  
For tearme of life thou art assured mine,  
And life no longer then thy loue will stay,  
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.  
Then need I not to feare the worl of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end,  
I see, a better state to me belongs  
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,  
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,  
Oh what a happy ticle do I finde,  
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!  
But what so blessed faire that feares no blot,  
Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I liue, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,  
May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:  
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.  
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,  
In manies lookes, the falce hearts history  
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange.  
But heauen in thy creation did decree,  
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,  
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,  
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.  
How like *Eames* apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy shew.

94

## SHAKESPEARES

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,  
From thy behauour, beautie doth he giue  
And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford  
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.  
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

80

○ How I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me young-tide speaking of your fame.  
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest saile doth beare,  
My fawfie bärke (inferior farre to his)  
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.  
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,  
Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,  
Or ( being wrackt ) I am a worthlesse bore,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.

Then If he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

81

○ R I shall liue your Epitaph to make,  
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forȝeten.  
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,  
Though I ( once gone ) to all the world must dye,  
The earth can yeld me but a common graue,  
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,  
And youngs to be, your beeing shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
You still shall liue ( such vertue hath my Pen )  
Where breath most breaths, even in the mouths of men.

I grant

## SONNETS.

83

**I** Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke  
The dedicated words which writers vse  
Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke.  
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,  
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,  
And therefore art inford to seeke anew,  
Some fresher stamp of the time bettering dayes.  
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuifde,  
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,  
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,  
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.

And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,  
Where cheeke need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

**I** Neuer saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your faire no painting set,  
I found ( or thought I found) you did exceed,  
The barren tender of a Poets debt:  
And therefore haue I slept in your report,  
That you your selfe being extant well might shew,  
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,  
This silence for my sinne you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,  
For I impaire not beautie being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tombe.

There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,  
Then both your Poets can in praise devise.

84

**W**Ho is it that sayes most, which can say more,  
Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,  
In whose confine immured is the store,  
Which should example where your equall grew,  
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

F 2

That

SHAKESPEARES

That to his subiect lends not some small glory,  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,  
That you are you, so dignifies his story.

Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so cleere,  
And such a counter-part shal fame his wit,  
Making his stile admired every where.

You to your beautious blessings adde a curse,  
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

**M**Y young-tide Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise richly compil'd,  
Referue their Character with goulden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.  
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,  
And like vnlettered clarke still crie Amen,  
To every Hymne that able spirit affords,  
In polisht for me of well refined pen.  
Hearing you prais'd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,  
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,  
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you  
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,  
Then others, for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86.

**V**V As it the proud full saile of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,  
Making their combe the wombe wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,  
Abouc a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compiers by nigh  
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.  
He nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was

SONNETS.

I was not sick of any feare from thence.  
But when your countinuance fild vphis line,  
Then lackt I matter, that inseebled mine.

87

**F**arewell thou art too deare for my poffeſſing,  
And like enough thou knowſt thy eſtimate,  
The Cha ter of thy worth giues thee releasing:  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,  
And for that ritches where is my deseruing?  
The cauſe of this faire guift in me is wanting,  
And ſo my pattent back againe is ſwering.  
Thy ſelſe thou gauſt, thy owne worth then not knowing,  
Or mee to whom thou gauſt it, elſe mistaking,  
So thy great guift vpon miſprision growing,  
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.  
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,  
In ſleepe a King, but waking no ſuch matter.

88

**V**Vhen thou ſhalt be diſpode to ſet me light,  
And place my meritt in the eie of ſkorne,  
Upon thy ſide, againſt my ſelſe ile fight,  
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forſworne:  
With mine owne weakeſſe being beſt acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can ſet downe a ſtory  
Offaults conceald, wherein I am atteainted:  
That thou in looſing me, ſhall win much glory:  
And I by this wil be a gainer too,  
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,  
The iniuries that to my ſelſe I doe,  
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.  
Such is my loue, to thee I ſo belong,  
That for thy right, my ſelſe will beare all wrong.

89

**S**ay that thou diſdiſt forſake mee for ſome fault,  
And I will comment vpon that offence,

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Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Leaft I(too much propane)should do it wronge:  
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee,against my selfe ile vow debate,  
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90

**T**hen hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,  
Ioyne with the spight of fortune,make me bow,  
And doe not drop in for an after losse:  
Ah doe not,when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,  
Come in the reward of a conquerd woe,  
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,  
To linger out a purposd ouer-thow.  
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,  
When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,  
But in the onset come,so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortunes might,  
And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,  
Compar'd with losse of thee,will not seeme so.

91

**S**ome glory in their birth,some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,  
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:  
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds,some in their Horse.  
And every humor hath his adiunct pleasure,  
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,  
But these perticulars are not my measure,  
All these I better in one generall best.

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SONNETS.

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Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,  
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:  
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.  
Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,  
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For tearme of life thou art assured mine,  
And life no longer then thy loue will stay,  
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.  
Then need I not to feare the worl of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end,  
I see, a better state to me belongs  
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie,  
Oh what a happy title do I finde,  
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!  
But what so blessed faire that feares no blot,  
Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I liue, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,  
May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:  
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.  
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,  
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But heauen in thy creation did decree,  
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,  
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,  
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.  
How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

94

**T**hey that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,  
 That doe not do the thing, they most do shewe,  
 Who mouing others, are themselues as stome,  
 Vnmooued, could, and to temptation flow:  
 They rightly do inherit heauens graces,  
 And husband natures ritches from expence,  
 They are the Lords and owners of their faces,  
 O.hers, but stewards of their excellency:  
 The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,  
 Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,  
 But if that flowre with base infection meete,  
 The basest weed out-braues his dignity:

For sweetest things turne sorrely by their deeds,  
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

**H**ow sweet and louely doft thou make the shame,  
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,  
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?  
 Oh in what sweets doeft thou thy sinnes incloſel?  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,  
 (Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)  
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,  
 Naming thy name, bleſſes an ill report.  
 Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
 Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,  
 And all things turns to faire, that eies can ſee!

Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,  
 The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loofe his edge.

**S**ome ſay thy fault is youth, ſome wantonelle,  
 Some ſay thy grace is youth and gentle ſport,  
 Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and leſſe:  
 Thou makſt faults graces, that to thee refort:  
 As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The

SONNETS.

The basest Jewell wil be well esteem'd:  
So are those errors that in thee are seene,  
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,  
If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate.  
How many gazer's might thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy stace?  
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a Winter hath my absence beene  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?  
What fretzings haue I fel, what darke daies seene?  
What old Decembers barenesse euery where?  
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,  
The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,  
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,  
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,  
And thou away, the very birds are mute,  
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,  
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

98

From you haue I beene absent in the spring,  
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)  
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:  
That heauie *Sarwe* laught and leapt with him.  
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,  
Could make me any summers storie tell:  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,  
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,  
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:

G

Drawne

SHAKESPEARE.

Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.  
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,  
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

**T**He forward violet thus did I chide,  
Sweet cheeze whence didst thou steale thy sweet that  
Is not from my loues breath, the purple pride, (smells  
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?  
In my loues veines thou hast too grossly died,  
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marierow had stolne thy haire,  
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,  
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:  
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,  
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,  
But for his thest in pride of all his growth  
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet, or cuiller it had stolne from thee.

100

**V**V Here art thou Muse that thou forgest so long,  
To speake of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthless songe,  
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light,  
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,  
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,  
Sing to the care that doth thy laies esteeme,  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face furusy,  
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,  
If any, be a Satire to decay,  
And make times spoiles despised evry where.  
Giue my loue fame faster then time wafts life,  
So thou preuenest his scith, and crooked knife.

101

**O**H truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For

## SONNETS.

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd  
Both truth and beauty on my loue dependes  
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:  
Make answere Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,  
Truth needs no colour with his colour fixt,  
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:  
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,  
To make him much out-lie a gilded tombe  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,  
To make him seeme long hence, as he shewes now.

102

**M**Y loue is strengthned though more weake in see-  
I loue not lese, thogh lese the shew appeare, (ming  
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,  
The owners tongue doth publish every where.  
Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,  
As *Philemell* in summers front doth singe,  
And Hops his pipe in growth of riper daies:  
Not that the summer is lese pleasant now  
Then when her mournefull hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild musick burthenes every bow,  
And sweet's growne common loose their deare delighte.

Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:  
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

**A** Lack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,  
That hauing such a skope to show her pride,  
The argument all bare is of more worth  
Then when it hath my added praise beside.  
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!  
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,  
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

G a

Were

SHAKESPEARE.

Were it not sinfull then striving to mend,  
To marre the subiect that before was well,  
For to no other passe my verses tend,  
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.

And more, inuch more then in my verse can fit,  
Your owne glasse shewes you, when you looke in it.

104

TO me faire friend you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,  
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,  
Haue from the forrests shoake thrie summers pride;  
Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,  
In proesse of the sealous haue I seene,  
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.  
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyal hand,  
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,  
So your sweete shew, which me thinkes still doth stand  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceased.  
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,  
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

Let not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,  
Nor my beloued as an Idoll shew,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be  
To one, of one still liche, and euer so  
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kynde,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellency,  
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,  
One thing expressing, leaues out difference.  
Faire, kynde, and true, is all my argument,  
Faire, kynde and true, varrying to other words,  
And in this chang' is my inuencion spent,  
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Faire, kynde, and true, haue often liu'd alone,  
Which three till now, never kept seate in one.

When

SONNETS.

106

W<sup>H</sup>EN in the Chronicle of wafted time,  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beautie making beautifull old rime,  
In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,  
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique Pen would haue exprest,  
Euen such a beauty as you maister now.  
So all their praises are but prophesies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,  
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,  
They had not still enough your worth to sing :  
For we which now behold these present dayes,  
Haue eyes to wonder, but lacke tounes to praise.

107

N<sup>O</sup>t mine owne fesres, nor the prophetick soule,  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,  
Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.  
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse inder'de,  
And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,  
In certainties now crowne them-selues assur'de,  
And peace proclaims Olivies of endlesse age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmie tyme,  
My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes,  
Since spight of him he liue in this poore vime,  
While he insults o're dull and speachlesse tribes.  
And thou in this shal finde thy monument,  
When tyrants crests and tombs of braffe are spent.

108

V<sup>V</sup>HAT's in the braine that lack my character,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,  
What's new to speake, what now to register,  
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit ?  
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,

G. 3

I must

SHAKESPEARES.

I must each day say ore the very same,  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name.  
So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,  
Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,  
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,  
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,

Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,  
Where time and outward forme would shew it dead,

109

**O** Neuer say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,  
As easie might I from my selfe depart,  
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye :  
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,  
Like him that trauels I returne againe,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,  
So that my selfe bring water for my flaine,  
Neuer beleue though in my nature raign'd,  
All fraulties that besiege all kindes of blood,  
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,  
To leue for nothing all thy summe of good :  
For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,  
Sau'e thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

**A** Las'tis true, I haue gone here and there,  
And made my selfe a mortley to the view,  
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth  
Asconce and strangely: But by all aboue,  
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,  
And worse essayes prou'd thee my best of loue,  
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,  
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de  
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,  
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then

SONNETS.

Then give me welcome, next my heauen the best,  
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest,

111

O For my sake doe you wish fortune chide,  
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,  
That did not better for my life prouide,  
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,  
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,  
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,  
Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection,  
No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,  
Nor double penance to correct correction,  
Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,  
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

112

Y Our loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,  
Which vulgar scandal stamp't vpon my brow,  
For what care I who calles me well or ill,  
So you ore-greene my bad, my good slow?  
You are my All the world, and I must striue,  
To know my shames and praises from your toungue,  
None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my stel'd fence or changes right or wrong,  
In so profound *Abisso* I throw all care  
Of others voyces, that my Adders fence,  
To cryt Hick and to flatterer stopped are:  
Marke how with my negle~~ft~~ I doe dispence,  
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead,

113

S Ince I left you, mine eye is in my minde,  
And that which governes me to goe about,  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

Scenes

SHAKESPEARES.

Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:  
For it no forme deliuers to the heart  
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,  
Of his quick obiect hath the minde no part,  
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:  
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,  
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:  
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.  
Incapable of more repleat, with you,  
My most true minde thus maketh mine untrue.

114

**O**R whether doth my minde being crown'd with you  
Dinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?  
Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,  
And that your loue taught it this *Alcymes*?  
To make of monsters, and things indigest,  
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best  
As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:  
Oh tis the first, tis flattery in my seeing,  
And my great minde most kingly drinke it vp,  
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing,  
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.  
If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,  
That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

115

**T**Hose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,  
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,  
Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,  
My most ful flame should afterwards burne clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose milliond accidents  
Creep in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,  
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'nt iugents,  
Diuert strong mindes to th' course of stirring things:  
Alas why fearing of tiares tiranie,  
Mighte

SONNETS.

Might I not then say now I loue you best,  
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:  
Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so  
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

119

**L**et me not to the marriage of true mindes  
Admit impediments, loue is not loue  
Which alters when it alteration findes,  
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.  
O no, it is an euer fixed marke  
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;  
It is the star to euery wandring bark,  
Whose worths vnknowne, although his hight be taken.  
Loue is not Times foole, though rosie lips and checks  
Within his bending sickles compasse come,  
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,  
But beareth it out eu'en to the edge of doome:  
If this be error and vpon me proued,  
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

117

**A**ccuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,  
Wherin I shoulde your great deserts repay,  
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,  
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,  
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,  
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,  
That I haue hoystid saile to al the windes  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
Booke both my wilfulness and errors downe,  
And on iust prooife surmisse, accumilate,  
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,  
But shoothe not at me in your wakened hate:  
Since my appeale failes I did striue to prooue  
The constancy and virtue of your loue

H

118

**L**ike as to make our appetites more keene  
 With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,  
 As to preuent ourmalladies vnsene,  
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.  
 Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,  
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;  
 And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,  
 To be diseal'd ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate  
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,  
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state  
 Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.  
 But thence I learne and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs payson him that so fell sicke of you.

**W**Hat potions haue I drunke of Syren teares  
 Distil'd from Lymbecks soule as hell within,  
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,  
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?  
 How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted  
 In the distraction of this madding feuer?  
 O benefit of ill, now I find true  
 That better is, by euil still made better.  
 And ruin'd loue when it is built anew  
 Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I returne rebukt to my content,  
 And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

**T**Hat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,  
 Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,  
 Vnlesse my Nerves were brasse or hammered Steele.  
 For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken

### SONNETS.

As I by yours, y'haue past a hell of Time,  
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken  
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.  
O that our night of wo might haue remembred  
My deepest i[n]c[e]ne, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred  
The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits!  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee,  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee.

121

TI S better to be vile then vile esteemed,  
When not to be, receiues reproach of being.  
And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,  
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.  
For why shoulde others false adulterat eyes  
Glue saturation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;  
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?  
Noc, I am that I am, and they that leuell  
At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,  
I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel  
By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shoun  
Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine,  
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122.

TI Thy guift, thy tables, are within my braine  
Full characterd with lasting memory,  
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine  
Beyond all date euen to eternity.  
Or at the least, so long as braine and heart  
Haue facultie by nature to subsist,  
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be mist:  
That poore retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,

H 3

SHAKESPEARES

To trust those tables that receave thee more,  
To keepe an adiunct to remember thee,  
Were to import forgetfulnesse in me.

123

**N**O! Time, thou shalt not boſt that I doe change,  
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might  
To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange,  
They are but dreflings of a former ſight:  
Our daies are breefe, and therefor we admire,  
What thou doſt foylt vpon vs that is ould,  
And rather make them borne to our deſire,  
Then thinkē that we before haue heard them tould:  
Thy registers and thee I both defie,  
Not wondring at the preſent, nor the paſt,  
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lyē,  
Made more or les by thy continuall haſt:  
This I doe vow and this ſhall euer be,  
I will be true diſpight thy ſyeth and thee.

124

**Y**F my deare loue were but the childe of ſtate,  
It might for fortunes baſterd be vnfathered,  
As ſubiect to times loue, or to times hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.  
No it was buyldeſ far from accident,  
It ſuffers not in ſmilinge pompe, nor falls  
Vnder the blow of thrall'd diſcontent,  
Whereto th'inuiting time our diſhion calls:  
It feares not policy that *Hereticke*,  
Which workes on leaſes of ſhort numbred howers,  
But all alone ſtands hugely pollitick,  
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with ſhoweres.  
To this I witnes call the ſoles of time,  
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

**V**VER't ought to me I bore the canopy;  
With my exēra the outward honoring,

Or

## SONETS.

Or layd great bases for eternity,  
Which proues more short then waft or ruining?  
Haue I not scene dwellers on forme and fauor  
Lose all, and more by payng too much rent  
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fauor,  
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.  
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,  
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.  
Hence, thou subbornd *informer*, a trew soule  
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,  
Doest hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:  
Who haft by wayning growne, and therein shou'ft,  
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'ft.  
If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack)  
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,  
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.  
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.  
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,  
She may detaine, but not still keepe her treasure:  
Her *Andite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,  
And her *Quirnus* is to render thee.

( ) )

127

In the ould age blacke was not counted faire,  
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:  
But now is blacke beauties successiue heire,  
And Beautie slandered with a bastard shame,  
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,  
Fairing the soule with Arts faulce borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,  
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgracé.

H 3.

Therefore

SHAKESPEARE

Therefore my Mistersse eyes are Rauen blacke,  
Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme,  
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,  
Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,  
Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,  
That every young saies beauty should looke so.

128

How oft when thou my musike musike playft,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayft,  
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,  
Do I envie those Jackes that nimble leape,  
To kiffe the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,  
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.  
To be so tickled they would change their stace,  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,  
Making dead wood more blest then living lips,  
Since saufie Jackes so happy are in this,  
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kiffe.

129

Th'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action, and till action , lust  
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,  
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,  
In ioyd no sooner but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,  
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.  
Made In pursut and in possession so,  
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,  
A blisse in proofe and proud and very wo,  
Before a ioy propofd behind a dreame,  
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,  
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My

SONNETS.

130

MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,  
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,  
If swow be white, why then her brefts are dun:  
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her heads:  
I haue scene Roses damaskt, red and white,  
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,  
And in some perfumes is there more delight,  
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.  
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,  
That Musick hath a farre more pleasing sound:  
I graunt I never saw a goddesse goe,  
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.  
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,  
As any she beli'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell  
For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.  
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;  
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.  
And to be sure that is not false I sweare  
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face.  
One on anothers necke do witnessis beare  
Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.  
In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander as I thinke proceeds.

132

Hine eies I loue, and they as pittyng me,  
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdaine,  
Haue put on blacke, and louing mourners bee,  
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

SHAKESPEARES

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,  
Nor that full Starre that vshers in the Eauen  
Doth halfe that glory to the sober West  
As those two morning eyes become thy face:  
O let it then as well becomme thy heart  
To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,  
And sute thy pitty like in euery part.

Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,  
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

**B**eshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane  
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;  
I st not ynough to torture me alone,  
But slauie to slauery my sweetest friend must be.  
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,  
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,  
Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:  
Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,  
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,  
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,  
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my Iaile.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

**S**o now I haue confess that he is thine,  
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,  
My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,  
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,  
He learnt but suretie-like to write for me,  
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,

And

## SONNETS.

And Iue a friend, came debtor for my sake,  
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.  
Him haue I lost, thou haft both him and me,  
He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

W<sup>H</sup>o euer hath her w<sup>ill</sup>, thou haft thy w<sup>ill</sup>,  
And w<sup>ill</sup> too boote, and w<sup>ill</sup> in ouer-plus,  
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,  
To thy sweet w<sup>ill</sup> making addition thus.  
Wilt thou whose w<sup>ill</sup> is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my w<sup>ill</sup> in thine,  
Shall w<sup>ill</sup> in others seeme right gracious;  
And in my w<sup>ill</sup> no faire acceptance shine:  
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store,  
So thou beeing rich in w<sup>ill</sup> adde to thy w<sup>ill</sup>,  
One w<sup>ill</sup> of raine to make thy large w<sup>ill</sup> more.

Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,  
Thinke all but one, and me in that one w<sup>ill</sup>.

136

I<sup>F</sup> thy soule check thee that I come so neare,  
I swaere to thy blind soule that I was thy w<sup>ill</sup>,  
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,  
Thus farre for loue, my loue-sute sweet fullfill.  
w<sup>ill</sup>, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,  
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,  
In things of great receipt with ease we proue.  
Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
Then in the number let me passe vntold,  
Though in thy stores account I one must be,  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,  
That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.

Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,  
And then thou louest me for my name is w<sup>ill</sup>.

137

T<sup>H</sup>ou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,  
I That

## SHAKESPEARES

That they behold and see not what they see :  
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,  
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,  
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,  
Why of eyes falschode haft thou forged hooke,  
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide ?  
Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,  
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place ?  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not  
To put faire truth vpon so soule a face,  
In thioghs right true my heart and eyes haue erred,  
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

**W**hen my loue sweares that she is made of truth,  
I do beleue her though I know she lyes,  
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,  
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.  
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,  
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,  
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest :  
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust ?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.  
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

**O** Call not me to iustifie the wrong,  
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,  
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy young,  
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,  
Tell me thou lou'lt else-where; but in my sight,  
Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aside,  
What needst thou wound with cuaning when thy might

Is

SONNETS.

Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?  
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,  
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,  
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,  
That they else-where might dart their iniurie:  
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,  
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

**B**E wise as thou art cruel, do not preesse  
My young-tide patience with too much disdaine:  
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,  
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.  
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,  
Though not to lone, yet loue to tell me so,  
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,  
No newes but health from their Phisitions know.  
For if I should disaire I should grow madde,  
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,  
Now this i'l wresting world is growne so bad,  
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleueed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde, (wida.  
Bearc thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe

141

**I**N faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note,  
But 'tis my heart that loues what they despise,  
Who in despigne of view is pleaseid to dote.  
Nor are mine eares with thy youngs tune delighted,  
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited  
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:  
But my fwe wits, nor my fwe fences can  
Diswade one foolish heart from scrusing thee,  
Who leaues vnsawai'd the likeneſſe of a man,  
Thy proud hearts slave and vassall wretch to be:  
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,  
That ſhe that makes me ſinne, awards me paine.

12

Loue

**L**oue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,  
 Hate of my sinne, grouped on sinfull louing.  
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne stace,  
 And thou shalt finde it metries not reproouing,  
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,  
 Robd others beds revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st thosse,  
 Whome thine eyes woe as mine importune thee,  
 Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,  
 Thy pitty may deserue to pittied bee.

If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,  
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

**L**oue as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,  
 One of her fethered creatures broake away,  
 Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch.  
 In pursuit of the thing she would haue stayes  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,  
 To follow that which flies before her face:  
 Not prizing her poore infants discontent;  
 So runst thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,  
 But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:  
 And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.

So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *Will*,  
 If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

**T**wo loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,  
 Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,  
 The better angell is a man right faire:  
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill  
 To win me soone to hell my femall enimy,

Temperth

SONNETS

Tempteth my better angel from my sight,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a diuels  
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride,  
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,  
But being both from me both to each friend,  
I gesse one angel in an others hel.  
Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fise my good one out.

145

**T**hose lips that Loues owne hand did make,  
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,  
To me that languisht for her sake:  
But when she saw my wofull state,  
Straight in her heart did mercie come,  
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,  
Was vsde in ghuing gentle dome:  
And tought it thus a new to greeete:  
I hate she alterd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day,  
Doth follow night who like a fiend  
From heauen to hell is flownte away.  
I hate, from hate away she threw,  
And sau'd my life saying not you.

146

**P**oore soule the center of my sinfull earth,  
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,  
Why doft thou pine within and suffer dearth?  
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?  
Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,  
Dofst thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall wortnes inheritors of this excelle,  
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?  
Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,  
And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;  
Buy teernes divine in selling houres of droffe:

13

Within

SHAKESPEARES

Within be fed, without be rich no more,  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then,

147

**M**Y loue is as a feauer longing still,  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserue the ill,  
Th' vncertaine sicklie appetite to please:  
My reason the Phisition to my loue,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue,  
Desire is death, which Phisick did excepte.  
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,  
And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,  
At randon from the truth vainely exprest.  
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

**O** Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,  
Which haue no correspondence with true sight,  
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,  
That censure falsely what they see aright?  
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,  
What meanes the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,  
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,  
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,  
That is so vext with watching and with teares?  
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,  
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.  
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepest me blinde,  
Least eyes well seeing thy soule faults should finde.

149

**C**anst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,  
When I against my selfe with thee pertake?

Doe

SONNETS.

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgoe  
Aim of my selfe, all tirane for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,  
On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune vpon,  
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend.  
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?  
What meritt do I in my selfe respect,  
That is so proude thy letuice to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.  
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,  
Those that can fee thou lou'st, and I am blind.

150

O H from what powre hast thou this powrefall migh,  
VVith insufficiencie my heart to sway,  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becomming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,  
There is such strengthe and warrantise of skill,  
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,  
The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,  
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,  
VVith others thou shouldest not abhor my state.  
If thy vnworthinesse raist loue in me,  
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

L Oue is too young to know what conscience is,  
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue;  
Then gentle cheater vrgenot my amisse,  
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.  
For thou betraying me, I doe betray  
My nobler part to my grose bodies treason,  
My soule doth tell my body that he may,  
Triumph in loue, flesh stales no farther reason.

But

SHAKESPEARES

But ryng at thy name doth poine out thee,  
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poore drudge to be  
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call,  
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

152  
I N louing thee thou knowst I am forsworne,  
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing;  
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,  
In vowing-new hate after new loue bearing:  
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,  
When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd most,  
For all my vowedes are othes but to misuse thee:  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.  
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:  
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,  
And to enlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,  
Or made them swere against the thing they see.  
For I haue sworne thee faire: more perjurde eye,  
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153  
Cupid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,  
A maide of Dyers this aduantage found,  
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe  
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:  
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,  
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,  
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,  
Against strangmalladies a soueraigne cure:  
But at my mistres eie loues brand-new fired,  
The boy for triall needs would touch my brest,  
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,  
And therer hied a sad distempred guest.  
But found no cure, he bade for my helpe lies,  
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres eye.

SONNETS.

154

The little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,  
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,  
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chaste life to keep,  
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,  
The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire,  
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,  
And so the Generall of hot desire,  
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,  
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,  
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,  
For men diseas'd, but I my Mistresse thrall,  
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,  
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

K

A

# A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From off a hill whose concane wombe reworded,  
A plaintfull lstory from a silstring vale  
My spirrits t' attend this doble voyce accorded,  
And downe I lajd to list the sad tun'd tale,  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale  
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,  
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid huie of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,  
Whereon the thought mighte thinke sometime it saw  
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,  
Time had not fished all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,  
Some beauty peopt, through lettice of sear'd age.

Ofte did she haue her Napkin to her cyne,  
Which on it had conceited charecters:  
Laundring the filken figures in the briue,  
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,  
And often reading what contents it beares:  
As often shrikynge vndistinguisht wo,  
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leuel'd ey's their carriage ride,  
As they did battry to the spheres intend:  
Sometime diverted their poore balls are tide,  
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,  
Their view right on, anon their gales lend,

To

## COMPLAINT

To every place at once and no where fixt,  
The mind and fift distractedly commixt.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,  
Proclaimd in her a carelesse hand of pride;  
For somen stuck'd descended her shew'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined checke beside,  
Some in her threeden fillet still did bide,  
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,  
Of amber christall and of bedded Ier,  
Which one by one she in a riuier threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,  
Like vsery applying wet to wet,  
Or Monarchs hands that lets not bountry fall,  
Where want cries some; but where excessie begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, fighd, tore and gave the flud,  
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,  
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,  
With sleided silke, fete and affectedly  
Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue tyes,  
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,  
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,  
What vnapprov'd witnes doost thou beare!  
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare;  
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

K. 2

Song.

## A LOVER'S

Some time a blusser that the ruffe knew  
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours obserued as they flew,  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:  
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know  
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vpon his greyned bat;  
And comely distant sits he by her side,  
When hee againe desire's her, being satte,  
Her greeance with his hearing to deuide:  
If that from him there may be ought applied  
Which may her suffering extasie asswage  
Tis promist in the charicie of age:

Father she saies, though in mee you behold  
The iniury of many a blasting houre,  
Let it not tell your Judgement I am old,  
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;  
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower  
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed  
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended  
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;  
O one by natures outwards so commended,  
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,  
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.  
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,  
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,  
And euery light occasion of the wind  
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,  
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,  
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:

For

## COMPLAINT.

For on his visage was in little drawne,  
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chiare,  
His phenix downe began but to appeare  
Like vnshorne velvet, on that tembless skin  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.

- Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,  
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,  
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;  
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storne  
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,  
When windes breath sweet, vnruyl though they bee.  
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,  
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say  
That horse his mettell from his rider takes  
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes  
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he  
And controuersie hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manad'g, by th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this fide the verdict went,  
His reall habitude gaue life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his cafe:  
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,  
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme  
Pee'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue

## A L o v e r s

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong  
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep  
He had the dialect and different skil,  
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bofome raigne  
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine  
In personal duty, following where he haunted,  
Consent's bewitcht, ere he desire haue granted,  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette  
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,  
Like fooles that in th' imagination see  
The goodly obiects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assignd,  
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,  
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that never toucht his hand  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart:  
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,  
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)  
What with his art in youth and youth in art  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reseru'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did  
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,  
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidded,  
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,  
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

of

### COMPLAINT.

Of proofs new bleeding which remain the foile  
Of this false Iewell, and his amorous spoile,

But al who euer shun'd by precedent,  
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,  
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content  
To put the by-past perills in her way?  
Counsaile may strop a while what will not stay:  
For when we rage, aduise is often seene:  
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,  
That yee must curbe it vpon others proofe,  
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,  
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe,  
O appetite from judgement stand aloofe!  
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntre,  
And knew the patternes of his soule beguiling,  
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,  
Knew vowes, wer e euer brokers to defiling,  
Thought Characters and words sneerly but ast,  
And bastards of his soule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,  
Till thus hee gan besiege me : Gentle maid  
Haue of my suffering yOUTH some feeling pitcy  
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,  
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,  
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto  
Till now did nere iurite nor neuer yow.

All my offences that abroad you see

## A L o v e s

Are errors of the blood none of the mind?  
Loue made them not, with aucture they may be,  
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,  
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,  
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,  
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,  
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,  
Or my affection put to th, smalleſt teene,  
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,  
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,  
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,  
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood  
In bloodleſſe white, and the encrinſon'd mood,  
Effects of terror and deare modesty,  
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,  
With twisted mettle amorously empelache  
I haue receau'd from many a ſeueral faire,  
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,  
With th' annexions of faire gems inricht,  
And deepe brain'd ſonnets that did amplifie  
Each ſtones deare Nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,  
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,  
The deepe greene Emraid in whose fresh regard,  
Weake fighes their ſickly radience do anend.  
The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With

## COMPLAINT.

With obiects manyfold; each seuerall stone,  
With wit well blazon'd smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoord them not,  
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:  
That is to you my origin and ender:  
For these of force must your oblations be,  
Since I their Aulter, you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraseles hand,  
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,  
Take all these similies to your owne command,  
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:  
What me your minister for you obaies  
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,  
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,  
For she was sought by spirits of ritcheſt cōte,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,  
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour iſt to leaue,  
The thing we haue not, maſtring what not ſtriuſe,  
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,  
Playing patient ſports in vncraſtind giues,  
She that her fame ſo to her ſelfe contriues,  
The ſcarres of battaile ſcapeſt by the flight,  
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boſt iſt true,

L

The

## A LOVARS

Some time a blusterer that the ruffe knew  
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by  
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:  
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know  
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe ypon his greyned bat;  
And comely distante sits he by her side,  
When hee againe desires her, being fatte,  
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide:  
If that from him there may be ought applied  
Which may her suffering extasie asswage  
Tis promist in the charitic of age:

Father she saies, though in mee you behold  
The iniury of many a blasting houre;  
Let it not tell your Judgement I am old,  
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;  
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And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,  
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For

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What largenesse thinkes in paradise was fawne.

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Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.

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And nice affections wauering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

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That horse his mettell from his rider takes  
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What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he  
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To appertainings and to ornamant,  
Accomplisht in him-selfe nor in his case:  
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Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,  
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,  
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,  
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of

## COMPLAINT.

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the soile  
Of this false lewell, and his amorous spoile,

But al who euer shun'd by precedent,  
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay.  
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content  
To put the by-past perrils in her way?  
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Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,  
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,  
Thought Characters and words sneerly but art,  
And bastards of his soule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citry,  
Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid  
Haue of my suffering yOUTH some feeling pity  
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,  
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,  
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto  
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In breefe the groundes and motiues of her wo.

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Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide:  
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Not age, but forrow, ouer me hath power;  
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower  
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed  
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended  
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;  
O one by natures outwards so commended,  
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,  
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.  
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,  
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,  
And euery light occasion of the wind  
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,  
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,  
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the mindes

For

## COMPLAINT.

For on his visage was in little drawne,  
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,  
His phenix downe began but to appeare  
Like vnshorne veluet, on that temblele skin  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.

Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,  
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,  
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;  
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme  
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,  
When windes breath sweet, vnruyl though they bee.  
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,  
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say  
That horse his mettell from his rider takes  
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes  
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he  
And controuersie hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his mannat'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this fide the verdict went,  
His reall habitude gaue life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:  
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,  
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme  
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue

## A L o v e r s

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,  
Al replication prompe, and reason strong  
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weepes  
He had the dialet and different skil,  
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne  
Of young, of old, and sexes both inchaunted,  
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine  
In personal duty, following where he haunted,  
Consent's bewitcht, ere he desire have granted,  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture geece  
To serue their cies, and in it put their mind,  
Like fooles that in th' imagination set  
The goodly obiects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assignd,  
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,  
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that never toucht his hand  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart:  
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,  
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)  
What with his art in youth and youth in art  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reseru'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did  
Demaud of him, nor being desired yeilded,  
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,  
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,  
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

of

## COMPLAINT.

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile  
Of this false Jewell, and his amorous spoile,

But als who euer shun'd by precedent,  
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,  
Or forc'd examples against her owne content  
To put the by-past perrils in her way?  
Counsaile may stope a while what will not stay:  
For when we rage, aduise is often seene:  
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,  
That wee must curbe it vpon others prooef,  
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,  
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe,  
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!  
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntre,  
And knew the patternes of his soule beguiling,  
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,  
Knew vowes, wer'e euer brokers to defiling,  
Thought Characters and words meerly but ait,  
And bastards of his soule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,  
Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid  
Haue of my suffering yOUTH some feeling pitcy  
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,  
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,  
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto  
Till now did nere iuine nor neuer yovv.

All my offences that abroad you see

## A Lovers

Are errors of the blood none of the minds  
Loue made them not, with aucture they may be,  
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,  
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,  
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,  
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue scene,  
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,  
Or my affection put to th, smalleſt teene,  
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,  
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,  
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,  
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,  
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:  
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me  
Of greeſe and bluſhes, aptly vnderſtood  
In bloodeleſſe white, and the encrimſon'd mood,  
Effects of terror and deare moideſty,  
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold theſe tallents of their heir,  
With twisted mettle amorousſly emploacht  
I haue receau'd from many a ſeueral faire,  
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beſeecht,  
With th' annexions of faire gems inricht,  
And deepe brain'd ſonnets that did amplifie  
Each ſtones deare Nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond? why twas beautiſfull and hard,  
Whereto his inuiſd properties did tend,  
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,  
Weake fighes their ſickly radience do amend.  
The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With

## COMPLAINT.

With obiects manyfold; each severall stone,  
With wit well blazoned smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,  
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:  
That is to you my origin and ender:  
For these of force must your oblations be,  
Since I their Aulter, you en patron me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraseles hand,  
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,  
Take all these similies to your owne command,  
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:  
What me your minister for you obaiest  
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,  
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,  
For she was sought by spirits of richest cote,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,  
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,  
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues,  
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,  
Playing patient sports in vnconstraintd giues,  
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,  
The scarres of bataile scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

L

The

## A LOVERS

The accident which brought me to her eie,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister flies  
Religious loue put out religous eye:  
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,  
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,  
The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:  
And mine I powre your Ocean all amone:  
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,  
Must for your victorie vs all congeft,  
As compound loue to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,  
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,  
Beleiu'd her eies, when they t' assaile begun,  
All vowes and consecrations giuing place:  
O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine  
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressest what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, (shame  
Loues armes are peace, gaist rule, gaist fence, gaist  
And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares,  
The Alloes of all forces, shocates and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,  
Feeling it breake, with bleding groanes they pine,  
And supplicant their sig'hes to you extend  
To leaue the battrie that you make gaist mine,  
Lending lost audience, to my sweet designt,

And

## COMPLAINT.

And credent soule, to that strong bonded orb,  
That shall preserue and undertake my troth.

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,  
Whose fightes till then were leaueld on my face,  
Each cheeke a riuier running from a fount,  
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace:  
Oh how the channell to the stremme gaue grace!  
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,  
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,  
In the small orb of one perticular teare?  
Put with the invndation of the eies:  
What rocky heart to water will not weare?  
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,  
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:  
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,  
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,  
There my white stol of chastity I daft,  
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,  
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:  
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to Cautills, all straing formes receiues,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaues,  
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues:  
To blush at speeches rank, to weepe at woes  
Or to turne white and sound at tragick shewes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,

L 2

Could

## THE LOVERS.

Could scape the haile of his all hurting syme,  
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:  
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,  
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime,  
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,  
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chasitie.

Thus mereley with the garment of a grace,  
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,  
That th'vncouerted gaue the tempter place,  
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,  
Who young and simple would not be so louerd.  
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,  
What I should doe againe for such a sake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,  
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowed:  
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,  
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,  
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,  
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,  
And new peruerct a reconciled Maide.

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